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THE WAFT OF GOLDEN WATTLE.

[FOR THE INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST.]

BY DORA B. MONTEFIORE.

The spring is with us, and the air is sweet
With waft of yellow, sun-kissed wattle spray;
The bees are busy gathering golden spoil
From flower chalice, where they drone and sway.

Earth is awakening from short winter sleep,
Her brown breast wet with dew, and pollen-
flecked;

Her languorous limbs all warm with living sap,
Her brow of Motherhood with flowers decked.

Around her shrine the children throng and press,
With happy shout, and fearless "homing"

For Mother Earth gives freely, lavishly,
None need turn empty-handed from her store
immense.

Thus through September days of Austral spring
The children wave the scented symbol high;
And golden wattle speaks of that dear day,
When all who toil beneath the arching sky

Shall, like the children, take from Mother Earth
Each all their labor earns, each all they need;
The Commonwealth shall be the weal of all,
And Brotherhood of Man shall be our creed.

Thus does brown Mother Earth her lesson teach
Of golden leisure, and of Beauty's quest;
"Cease to compete and fight, ye nations' sons—
Be Science teach you how more wealth to wrest"

From that exhaustless Force, which decks the
Bush,
And stores the mountain's flank, and dyes the
plain

In green, and swells the stream, and flashes
forth
In freckled electric spark and human brain;

Leave all your devious wanderings in the wilder-
ness,
Your priestly lies, and craven, slavish fears;
Enter the flower-crowned Temple of the free,
Whose portals guard the coming golden years.

The Passing Show.

BY IGNOTUS.

We commented some few weeks ago on information that reached us through Reuter's on Mr. Lloyd George's Workmen's Insurance scheme; and pointed out that the Socialists of England could not support such a scheme because the bulk of the policy payments fell on the already overburdened workers. The details of the scheme are now to hand, and they fully bear out our contention. Here are the figures, and the Australian worker will at once perceive how the Whig Government is living up to its traditions of sham humanitarianism, and hypocritical reformism; and how ably it is being backed up by the English Labor Party, which exists to keep the Whigs in power.

Sickness Insurance—
From workmen's payments— £11,000,000
From employers' payments— 9,000,000
From the State payments— 1,712,000

Unemployed Insurance—
From workmen— £1,100,000
From employers— 900,000
From the State— 750,000

The employers will naturally contrive to get their share of payments back from the workers in some form or other, because they, being the "top dog," can always shake what they want out of the "bottom dog," while the State, whose contribution towards the whole business is a paltry two millions and a half, is enabled to pose through its Chancellor, when he pleads, in the words of the *Daily Telegraph* "for the relieving of the poor and the suffering, and uplifting the worker," as the embodiment of "faith, hope and charity."

Let us examine for a moment this State embodiment of all the Christian virtues, and when we have torn off the unctuous flapdoodle, and the shoddy professions of burning zeal for the cause of the down-trodden workers, let us see what is left besides party politics, and a tardily aroused public consciousness that "unless something is done" the races inhabiting British soil will be wiped out. Just before leaving London, I took the chair at a meeting in Clifford's Inn Hall for Dr. Saleeby, the eugenicist, who spoke on the State endowment of motherhood. Our plea was that, as is well-known to workers among the London poor, unemployment, hunger, and overwork were either destroying in the womb the unborn child, or causing it to be born so ill-nourished and so weakly that its chances of surviving through slum childhood were almost nil.

"Special consideration," says pompously the Chancellor of the Exchequer, "has been given to maternity." And all the House cheered sympathetically. They knew beforehand that the job was to be done "dirt cheap," so they could afford to cheer and have their cheers recorded. "We propose," continued this humanitarian Statesman, "that there should be a 30s benefit in these cases which would cover doctoring and nursing, but only conditional upon those who are women workers not returning to work for four weeks." Oh wise judge, oh learned judge! Seven shillings and threepence a week for four weeks, and doctor and nurse to be paid out of that vast sum! Be it also noted that the mother, the working woman, may not return to *paid* work, if she accepts this pittance, but she may do all washing and scrubbing and fetching and carrying at home; and she will have to do it within a day or two of her confinement, if she has to live and pay her doctor and nurse on a shilling a day! Truly it may be said that though on insurance he is bent the British Chancellor has a frugal mind.

Fourteen million three hundred thousand persons are to be insured against sickness, but it is evident women in England cannot afford to be as sick as men, for a woman who is sick gets ten shillings, but a woman seven shillings and sixpence. Children of 16 years of age are to insure, so the wage-slave's added burden is to affect the child as well as the adult worker. Under the Unemployment Insurance only males are insured, and the "benefits" at present are confined to the engineering and building trades. The fund will provide the unemployed with seven shillings weekly for 15 weeks, and it is estimated that the State's share in contributions towards the relief of the 2,400,000 people who will receive unemployed benefit, will be about £1 per head per annum during the first year, increasing to about 30s per head the following year; while in 1915 and 1916 it will be nearly £2 per head per annum. But we are not told whether this will be because the number of unemployed will have increased, or because other trades will then be included in the working of the Act. The whole business has evidently been undertaken in order to put a coronation dressing on the social sores which fester in the country where industrialism has worked its wicked will longer than in any other country, and where the economic conditions that prevail among the workers are forcing the army authorities to constantly lower the standard of height and efficiency for the British army.

The following motion was passed at a meeting of the A.M.A. at Broken Hill:

"That whereas under the existing compulsory military law the youths and young men from 14 to 26 who are being, or are to be, disciplined by the officious flunkies of a financing faction may be called upon in future to put the quietus on the aims and activities of organised labor, as members of the Barrier branch of the A.M.A., register our protest against the politically-propagated military scheme, and pledge ourselves to use every means (legitimate or otherwise) to frustrate the tide of mad, frenzied Australian jingoism that at the present juncture is being fostered by the political mugwumps of all parties.

Further, we call upon all unionists who are fathers of conscripts to counteract the damning influence of military officers, by inculcating the spirit of independence and proletarian principles in their sons, so that they will always instinctively know where their class interests lie, and incidentally where to turn their rifles in the event of industrial unrest whenever and wherever the powers that be decree that ball cartridges be resorted to."

The following motion was passed by the Party Executive, and sent to the Stanford-Merthyr Miners' Lodge:

"Fellow workers.—It gives us great pleasure to congratulate you on the stand taken by your Lodge in repudiating the Labor party's compulsory training scheme. Your militant attitude will be endorsed by every revolutionary Socialist throughout the world, and it will be our sincere hope that other unions will show the same class-conscious spirit, which has been displayed by your lodge, by passing resolutions of a similar character."

Pass this paper on to your friends.

"Every available soldier at Aldershot is under orders for service on the railways," says the cable.

And the British Labor Party supports the Liberal Government that holds every available soldier so ready for the work of murder.

Isn't there a big argument in the employment of the British military against the strikers against the Labor Party's effort to fasten a huge military system on the Australian working class.

"Throughphtheighphthrough," was the heading to an article in a recent *Daily Telegraph*. When I saw it first I thought it was another interpretation by Mr. Holman of the Labor Party's "land nationalisation" plank. But it turned out to be the caption to a disquisition on spelling.

Secretary Kavanagh, of Sydney Labor Council, is right when he describes the action of Snowball and Stone (in drumming a girl out of their factory because she gave evidence they didn't like) as "despicable," but it does sound ludicrous to find the Labor Council calling on the Sydney Chamber of Manufacturers to "show that it doesn't countenance any action of the kind referred to." If the Labor Council were really an industrially-organised body, and not merely an opportunist appanage of an opportunist, middle-class political party, it would be in a position to deal with Snowball and Stone on its own.

"You can pay now," said magistrate Barnett to a cab-driver, who had asked for time in which to pay a £2 fine. Yet the same magistrate obligingly asked Sam Hordern if he wished for "time to pay," after he had fined him 30s for adulterating magnum and endangering infantile life.

The king has "congratulated all parties" over the settlement of the British strike.

Seems to us the king ought to congratulate himself. A few more experiences like those just gone through, and the British workers will begin to see that they have no need for Capitalism—and when Capitalism goes the "king" job will go with it. The Socialist Republic won't have any room for figureheads. They'll all have to work.

"The *Railway News* shows that the amount paid by the companies in 1910 in salaries and wages was about equal to the sum paid in dividends on preference and ordinary shares."

No wonder the king congratulated everybody on the strike ending.

Lord Derby got scared during the recent strike. He thought an attack would be made on his Lancashire house, and insured it for £191,000. A man who never did a useful day's work in his useless life is rather lucky to have a house that can be insured for the fifth of a million. But what will Lord Derby and his class do when the fool workers wake up? What can they do, indeed, but—"get work!"

Snowball and Stone, clothing manufacturers, had a girl in their employ named Barbara Seal. She gave evidence before the Labor Shortage Commission that the firm didn't approve of, and A. J. Stone, on oath before the same Commission later on, declared that after the girl had given her evidence, "at lunch time I read out her evidence before the girls, and publicly drummed her out of the factory." And the President (A. B. Piddington) said that "if a public example were to be made of witnesses in this way, it would impair the work of the commission. IF WITNESSES WERE TO BE DEALT WITH PRIVATELY," an incident which exposes the important and farcical nature of the Labor Shortage Commission.

This paper would describe the conduct of the gentlemanly "Colonel" Onslow in Parliament as equal to that of a Woolloomooloo larrikin, but for the fact that such a statement would be most unfair to the Woolloomooloo larrikin.

Lonsdale, M.L.A., says "Willis was no good in the Federal House, and never acted up to his principles." Was this the reason the Liberals so unanimously chose him as their candidate for the Upper Hunter?

Sydney D.T. heads its notice of the International Socialist Party's manifesto to the conscript boys, "Inciting to Insubordination." And so it is. It was written by Mrs. Dora B. Montefiore, and the D.T. should lose no time in urging Billy Hughes (who writes the *Delirium Tremens* "Case for Labor") to at once fling the author of so much sedition into jail.

The N.S.W. Speakership has at last been disposed of, after having been huckstered about for some weeks, and what is probably the most shamelessly corrupt and expediency-mongering Parliament that has yet run riot in Macquarie-street is to have a prolongation of life and a further opportunity to indulge in mock battles between parties whose interests are mostly identical.

For stealing a spoon, valued at 1½d, a man was fined 10s, with the option of a month's jail, at the Redfern police court. If he had been aristocratically born, and had stolen silver spoons and plenty of them, they'd have called him a kleptomaniac, and he shouldn't have been branded as a thief. If he'd stolen a silver mine, they'd have called him a pillar of the church, and perhaps elected him to Parliament as a Labor member.

The *Laure Hand* declares that, although Judge Murray (of Papua) wholly sympathised with the Boers, he fought against them out of pure love of fighting. And the *Laure Hand* counts this unto the judge for righteousness. To the normal mind such a circumstance would reveal the brute triumphing over and influencing the man. It would also reveal a perversion of morality hard to understand even in a judge, if one didn't know that class interests are back of most of the crimes similar to those committed by Judge Murray and those who—knowing the war to be wickedly wrong—still aided in the work of murder that made it successful.

The Factory Employees' Union is complaining that its award is not being observed, and the secretary complains that sweating is rife. Of course, it is. Even if the award were being observed, sweating would still be rife. But it is safe to say that NO award is observed unless it suits the employers to observe it; and in nine cases out of ten it doesn't suit them—a fact that ought to open the eyes of even the men of the Sydney Trades Hall.

The D.T. says the Sydney dock hands are "discontented no longer," because a few concessions have been thrown to them by the bosses. The D.T. has a lot to learn. Man will be discontented as long as any portion of the wealth they make is stolen from them. When they are not discontented while social theft remains, they will have degenerated into willing forces.

Labor-Leader Ramsay MacDonald says his "blood boiled" at the conduct of the police in the recent strike troubles in Britain, and he has criticised the Liberal Government mildly in consequence. Mr. MacDonald's mild only seems to boil for stage purposes when he plays to the working-class gallery. At heart he's a Liberal of the middle-class Liberals.

The cable states that the railway men in the north-east have refused to handle trains conveying soldiers or police for the bludgeoning of the British strikers. This is as it should be. The writer advocated similar tactics here during the Broken Hill and Newcastle upheavals, when unionists were cheerfully driving and conducting trains with loads of police for strike-smashing purposes.

W. M. Hughes, in a "Case for Labor" article in Sydney D.T., writes glibly: "I am for arbitration for the settlement of industrial disputes in order to prevent strikes. And just so sure as the sun shines, although sometimes hidden behind black and lowering clouds, so sure will the civilised world win its way to the general acceptance of this principle." So, the robber class is not to be deposed by the united working class, but the workers are to arbitrate with the robbers, and—"so sure as the sun shines"—the civilised world is to win its way to a general acceptance of the principle of the robbed and the robbers coming together to agree as to the limitations to be placed upon the latter's operations.

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To our Contributors.

CONTRIBUTORS TO THE INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST are reminded that our space is exceedingly limited. The more short articles and crisp and snappy paragraphs will have the best chance of securing publication.

Writers are asked to note that preference will be given to articles dealing with current industrial and political events from a Revolutionary Socialist viewpoint. Articles must not exceed 1000 words. Open Column contributions exceeding 500 words cannot be printed.

Write legibly, on one side of the paper only, and leave good space between the lines.

When posting, leave ends open, and mark "Press Copy Only." A penny stamp will then be sufficient from any part of Australia. Address to "The Editor." No private communication must be included.

Every contribution must bear the writer's name, not necessarily for publication.

Contributions received later than Wednesday cannot be guaranteed insertion in following week's issue.

Friends and Members visiting THE INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST Office are urged to assist in getting business done with expedition. DON'T STAY TO TALK. We're always busy; and the delays we are subjected to in the daytime we have to make up for by working through the night hours.

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Nearly every problem of State policy and economy, as at present understood, and practised, consists in some device for persuading you laborers to go and dig up dinner for us reflective and aesthetical persons, who like to sit still, and think, or admire. So that when we get to the bottom of the matter, we find the inhabitants of this earth broadly divided into two great masses: the peasant paymasters—spade in hand, original and imperial producers of turnips; and, waiting on them all round, a crowd of polite persons, modestly expectant of turnips, for some too often theoretical—service.

—RUSKIN

The Baby Army.

BY DORA B. MONTEFIORE.

WE rejoice to find that a medical man has added his voice to the protests made by the International Socialist organisation, and thousands of mothers of this country, against the training of children for war.

"Medicus" in the *Sydney Morning Herald* of August 18th writes: "Soldiers and soldiering are worthless except a high rate of discipline be imposed. Soldiering, to be productive of good results, is the antithesis of play. It is in fact hard work; and to produce valuable results, must impose certain risks in the way of exposure. Our military staff, which has been got ready to train men for soldiers, has been set to work to train children. That staff does not care, nor will it know anything about, or of, the factors which go to make up a growing child. These trainers know that their work will be inspected, and that if it be found indifferent, the blame will rest with them. The military man is a person whose motto is 'effectiveness, effectiveness, effectiveness.' If the getting of the 'effectiveness' is injurious to the health and spirits of many of the babes it will not trouble them. . . . Parents had better wake up and ask would-be legislators why their children of 14 years of age are to be trained in the art of killing their fellows. A parent may well exclaim, 'You condemn the boy reading 'Deadwood Dick,' and forthwith proceed at their most impressionable age to teach them to view the killing of their fellow men as a noble pursuit.' Clergymen must indeed be sure that they are in these days 'not-wanted-on-the-voyage' cargo in the ship of state, for how shall they teach what Christ taught while the military trainer keeps the youngsters at long unhealthy drills, and compels boys who ought to be at home to tramp the streets, in order that the methods most approved for killing men are

thoroughly imparted. . . . Next have to be considered the parents also. When this business is in full force many parents are going to find themselves with worry and the expense of paying doctors' fee; for illnesses brought on by the application of militarism to babies. It is trumpery too for the men of Australia to look on while the 'squeakers' are being marshalled up, and made to go through this farce. The position is quite clear. Either this latest development is going to be a useless expensive farce, or the children are going to be properly drilled and trained. If the first, it is time it came to an end before too much cash is wasted; if the second a large number of children are going to receive injury."

In the face of this expert medical opinion are the mothers of Australia going to stand idly by, and, possessing as they do political power, are they going to acquiesce in the physical and moral destruction of their own children? Where the ideals of militarism have conquered, the ideals of motherhood have always been trampled underfoot. I have heard working class mothers speaking on platforms in London, and telling in simple words choked with emotion how their young sons had left them healthy, light-hearted lads, to sail away with their regiment for India; and how after some few years they had returned, broken in health, riddled with disease, and with shattered ideals.

But we women are learning, and some of us who view politics at close quarters, have learnt the lesson that it is not ideals, nor appeals to the common rights of humanity which move politicians; it is only self-interest and party interest which set going the machinery of legislation. We therefore call upon the electors to study this question from the point of view of hard commonsense, and to ask themselves seriously whose vested interests their sons are being called upon to protect? The last week in England has been an object lesson in the uses to which trained soldiers are put during times of industrial warfare. And we women Socialists ask the workers of the Commonwealth: "Do they contemplate with equanimity the possibility of their sons being called out in a few years time, when syndicalism is better organised throughout the land, and the workers are demanding the full product of their labor, to shoot down or bayonet those who lead the insurgent workers to the conquest of the means of life?"

We further remind them that in spite of the bogey of 'The Yellow Peril' behind which Commonwealth statesmen hide themselves when giving orders for the training of children, the workers of Japan have, through their Socialist party, issued a manifesto, the third item of which reads:

To Abolish the Army and Navy in order to bring about International Peace.

Thus proving that the organised workers among the despised yellow folk have a more international outlook as regards militarism than has the boasted 'Labor' party of Australia!

As against this wise and international outlook observe the sickly platitudes of the *Herald* writer, calling upon women to do their part in helping forward this scheme of militarism. "It remains for the women—mothers, wives, and sisters—to do their part; for without our earnest co-operation the training will lose more than half its value. Our part is to see that each boy attends his course of training in the right spirit. It is the spirit of love that should govern, love of his country, not hatred of any one's else's country. "This notion of the killing of the sons of other mothers in the 'spirit of love' is one of the hypocrisies with which it is hard to be patient. Does not the writer know that all armies were first organised for purposes of defence, and afterwards used for purposes of offence? Can any amount of cant conceal the fact that no 'love of country' can justify mothers in inciting their sons to maim and destroy the sons of other mothers? The ideal of Motherhood is LIFE, the unfolding, the nurturing, the training through love of LIFE. The ideal of Militarism is DEATH—the planning, the training for, and compassing of horrible and violent DEATH. How dare anyone therefore call upon mothers to uphold military training? How dare Statesmen, at the moment when savage war is becoming everywhere discredited, as failing in its initial purpose—how dare they plant and sedulously cultivate the seeds of militarism in a young country whose ideals should be set on LIFE, and not on DEATH?"

To return to the question of the uses to which trained soldiery are put, when their comrades are striking for improved industrial conditions, the lessons of the past week in England should be laid to heart by the militant industrial organisations of the Commonwealth. "There is," says the *Herald* of August 22, "in all parts of the Empire—and we in Australia have our share—a certain section of extremists who entertain a hope that some day the forces of organised labor will be in possession of the implements of war to an extent that will enable them to defy the armed forces of Government. To such desperate ends do the movements of the anarchistic elements of society tend, and the pity of it is, they are largely encouraged by the wild and uncompromising declarations of men whose objective seems to be the wanton destruction of the most sacred bond by which the nation is held in being." We International Socialists are no doubt "the section of extremists" to whom the *Herald* alludes; and we would remind the writer that when a large section of the people are prevented from having access to the means of life, and kept from rising only "by the armed forces of the Government," it is but natural that brute force should evoke brute force. Some one has said that bayonets are very useful for every purpose but to sit down upon, and if the Governments of Europe, and the "Labor" Governments of Australia persist in their cry of "Shoot to kill!," when the workers are organising politically and industrially for obtaining the full reward of their labor, why they must expect the bursting of all "the sacred bonds" to which, in their agony of fear, they appeal. We are no anarchists, we International Socialists; so it is useless to try and discredit us and our aims by throwing ignorantly about the word "anarchy"; we stand for an organised system of society in which Life shall have more respect than Property, and in which our little children shall be allowed their days of youth free from the trammels of military training, and devoted to the purposes of normal, healthy growth and development.

Mr. Fisher does not desire our manifesto to the cadets to be advertised overmuch; and in that he shows his cunning if not his courage. He realises that to allow the prosecuted International Socialists to protest in a court of law against the military training of babes, would be opening the floodgates of the rising tide of the discontent of the people at the ridiculous and incongruous position which a "Labor" party, bent on pleasing the capitalists, has placed itself in. Let him try (as he is bound to do as the upholder of the law) to imprison for six months those who are responsible for the manifesto, and he will light such a candle of revolt throughout Australia and New Zealand, as shall show up in lurid light the falseness of a "Labor" Government which has dared to introduce a measure, inspired by the craft of cosmopolitan capitalists to

defend some day its ill-gotten profits from those who toil and are economically enslaved, in order to make these profits.

"War," wrote Cowper, "is a game which, were their subjects wise, kings would not play at." It is also a game which were the electors wise a "Labor" party could not play at.

'Let the Dead Bury the Dead'

BY MAX.

DURING the last few days according to the press Sydney has been greatly grieved over the death of Cardinal Moran.

For several days his Eminence lay in state in St. Mary's, and thousands are reported to have visited the Cathedral to take a last glance at the late Cardinal as he lay surrounded by all the ecclesiastical paraphernalia befitting the occasion.

On Sunday, Aug. 20th, the mortal remains of Cardinal Moran were entombed in the Cathedral with much pomp and state.

About 200,000 people joined with the religious societies numbering 5000, in paying their respects to the departed.

It appears streets were blocked, trams held up, and a large police force requisitioned to control the crowd.

Prelates, priests, parliamentarians and representatives of the upper ten attended the funeral. According to the capitalist press good accommodation was provided for the privileged few while the police held the mob in check.

The hierarchy appear to have taken advantage of the occasion to make as much show and fuss as possible.

According to all accounts the Cardinal had a long innings (81), in later years secure in the luxurious palace at Manly, the representative of "Him who had not where to lay his head," lived to a green old age surrounded by all the good things of life.

If the flattery bestowed on the departed has any truth in it the Cardinal is now enjoying a happy time with the blessed.

Therefore all this ostentatious sympathy and mourning is illogical—it tends to give one the impression that the mourners fear the Cardinal has reached a hotter clime.

Why all this mourning and worship of the dead?

What did the Cardinal do for humanity?

It is of no use saying he was a zealous fighter for the church.

The interests of Sacerdotalism are directly antagonistic to the welfare of humanity.

The Cardinal by his advocacy of superstition was fighting against humanity.

No doubt he was an expert cadger, but the spectacle of an old man in the shadow of death clutching at gold is not edifying.

The face of the dead Cardinal is not that of a superstitious slave; rather is it the profile of a refined intellectual.

Take away the clerical trappings and the clever face strikes one as that of an atheist. It is impossible to believe that in a long life of varied experience, mostly spent in the service of the church, his Eminence failed to understand the nature of the institution to which he had dedicated his life. Indeed, without a thorough knowledge of the position, it would have been impossible for him to have seized every opportunity to push the church's interests with that ability and astuteness for which he was renowned.

Under the shadow of St. Mary's cathedral there are streets notorious for their poverty and prostitution.

The Cardinal never grappled with these evils.

At the Cathedral there is much talk of completing that edifice, but

one notices that at present they are busy building sumptuous apartments for priests while in spite of all the money collected not a stone has been added to God's house.

Possibly on completion of the Cathedral the Cardinal will be canonised and Saint Moran will figure in the calendar.

Again I ask, What did the Cardinal do for humanity that all this pomp, ceaseless prayers, expense and flattery should be lavished on him?

Many inventors, writers, and others whose work benefitted mankind far more than all the prelates who ever lived have gone to a lonely grave unhonored and unmourned.

When useful members of the working class die, the press, pulpit, and politicians have no time for them.

The death of a prince of the Church cannot be allowed to pass without imposing ceremony, costly, gorgeous rites, etc.

There are class distinctions even in death.

This veneration of the dead is really kept up because with it are closely interwoven superstitious ideas upon which theology is based. Christian churches cling to these gruesome ceremonies, despite the fact that Christ is reported to have said, "Let the dead bury their dead."

One has no wish to say a word against the dead Cardinal, but when all this fuss is made over a dead prelate, whose use to the community it is difficult to see, we may well ask, Is it right and just? or rather should we not give honor where honor is due?

An Open Letter.

To the Members of the N.S.W. Legislative Assembly.

BY H. E. HOLLAND.

GENTLEMEN of the LEGISLATIVE ASSEMBLY.—Honorable Gentlemen of the Legislative Assembly!—Those of us whose "class-consciousness" most of you have from time to time been pleased to sneer at, have read with interest, with amusement, and with a measure of contempt, the doings that have characterised your honorable House during the past few months, and more especially your hooliganisms of the week just gone. Need you wonder, honorable gentlemen, that the more intelligent among the workers are fully satisfied that the working class has nothing to hope for from either of your opportunist parties, with your eternal seramblings for office, your unscrupulous vilification of each other under cover of "privilege," your mock battles at the polls, your many acts of corruption and the rest.

For more than 50 years, under more aliases than a professional pick-pocket might carry, we have known you of the Liberal Party. You have changed your name as often as your political crimes have been found out; but—whatever the name under which you masqueraded—long experience has taught us to know your party as the relentless foe of whatever made for working class interests, the unscrupulous tool of international Capitalism. By your "great" Liberal Party—by the governments it has given to this State—corrupt laws have been made, existing laws maladministered, in the interests of the robber class. You have carried corruption into the courts, and the jail records show the success of your machinations. You never hesitated to fling honest men into your black bastilles when their conduct on the industrial field menaced your class interests. Do not the strike histories of Newcastle, Broken Hill and Sydney, and Broken Hill and Newcastle again, bear eloquent testimony to the corruption of your ways in this respect? Your Liberal Party, honorable gentlemen, has never been other than a party of corrup-

tion, robbing the State by divers means as opportunity offered, and robbing the workers twenty-four hours in every day.

And you, honorable gentleman of the Labor Party?

It was as a protest against the corruption of the honorable gentlemen of the Liberal Party, especially in the matter of the Maritime Strike, that you first secured your political opportunity. Defeated, through lack of economic knowledge and consequent lack of class-conscious organisation, on the industrial field, the workers of N.S.W., without class-consciousness, without any definite end in view, and not understanding even the rudimentary principles of working-class organisations, revolted at the polls. Twenty years have gone by since then—and for twenty years you, honorable gentlemen of the Labor Party, have been industriously employed working alternately the games of the political card-sharper and the expediency-monger. In the country districts you have been loyalists and non-Socialists and even anti-Socialists, while in the industrial centres you have claimed to be "just as much Socialists" as the International Socialists. More and more your Labor Party has become the resting place of every political hack and adventurer, and so much so is this now the case with your honorable party that when your fate is threatened, you may never depend for a day on the loyalty of your ex-Liberals. Of course, I need not insult your intelligence by re-stating the fact that there is no material difference between your honorable party and the honorable gentlemen of the Liberal Party. The positively cheerful manner in which your leaders interpreted the bogus "land nationalisation" plank of your weird political program demonstrated this. Even in your hooliganism and your corruption and your cowardice that is born of your opportunism, you do not differ from your make-believe foes of the Liberal Party. For we may take the word of all of you, honorable gentlemen of both the Labor Party and the Liberal Party, that both your parties are parties of corruption. Did not each side of you iterate and re-iterate this fact with painful industry last week?

We have seen you, honorable gentlemen of the Legislative Assembly, as your ancestors might have been the day after they had come down out of the trees. You told one another that you were not gentlemen. We'll take your word for it. You declared that there was buying and selling of men among you. We believe you. Most of you have been bought and sold many times over—some of you for money, according to your own statements, some of you for other considerations. You charged each other with being traitors. We know you for traitors—to all that makes for right. You called one another fools. And you are—in some things. Each party of you said that the other was a set of political thugs. And so you are—only the comparison is not quite fair to the ordinary thug. Each of you charged the other with being a set of degraded political schemers. And, honorable gentlemen of the Legislative Assembly, you are all that. You threatened to knock one another's heads off. We regret that you didn't do it. You called each other hooligans and political hooligans. We again agree with each of you. You called one another liars, and we know you spoke true on once. You called one another low blackguards. Your conduct proved the truth of your charges. Honorable gentlemen, when you howled like hyenas and caterwaulled and called each other names, you revealed a little of your true character that quite harmonises with the "principles" you represent. Some one of you shrieked that another Oliver Cromwell was wanted to clear the filth out of your honorable House. There's an awful lot of filth to be got rid of, honorable gentlemen—there are all of you to be cleared out; but it's not a Cromwell nor anyone like that doubtful cut-throat that's going to do the work. Your class Parliament has to go eventually—and the clearing out will be done by the class-conscious workers organised industrially and politically on revolutionary lines; and, having got rid of the political filth (i.e., you and your system, honorable gentlemen), they will proceed to administer the Socialist Republic on industrial (instead of "political") lines. The only reason, honorable gentlemen of the Legislative Assembly, that makes your corruption and your hooliganism and your mock battles and the perpetuation of your political card-sharpping possible, is the fact that the workers do not recognise their own class interests. When they do, then, honorable gentlemen, your reign of corruption will be ended—and not till then. In the meantime, each succeeding incident like that of last week will serve to expose the utter hopelessness of your Capitalist Parliament from the workers' standpoint, and to open the eyes of many who have been ob-

stinately blind to the way that leads from political corruption and economic bondage to industrial freedom.—*Cont. Hospital, Sunday, Aug. 27, 1911.*

The Lithgow Dispute.

BY T. ATKINSON.

ON the 12th of July the Ironworks Colliery delegate asked permission to be absent from the mine the following day to attend a delegate meeting of the Miners' Association. The manager neither refused nor gave permission. The custom prevailing for years in the district—that delegates be allowed time off to attend delegate meetings—has never been refused by any manager. All the managers agreed some two years ago that no exception would be taken to any delegate attending.

The miners' delegate meeting lasted two days. The delegate wrote to the manager on July 13 asking for the second day's leave of absence. On July 14 the manager informed the check-weighman that the delegate was not to start again. The delegate saw the manager on Saturday, July 15. He, the manager, discharged him.

A meeting of the Lodge was held on Saturday night, at which meeting it was resolved to send a deputation to the manager. They met him on Sunday morning. The manager refused to discuss the question with them, stating that he did not care whether any of them ever went to work again. Another meeting was held on Sunday afternoon, and it was decided to request Mr. C. Hoskins to be at the tunnel mouth at starting time on Monday, July 17. At starting time all were present, including Mr. Hoskins and the manager. Mr. Hoskins suggested that all others, with the exception of the delegate, go to work, and himself and the manager would deal with him. This the miners refused to do, but agreed to wait fifteen minutes for Hoskins' decision as to whether the delegate should start or not. The delegate was not allowed to start, and all hands returned home.

Every afternoon at about 4 o'clock, between 500 and 800 people line up outside the ironworks gate where Hoskins' volunteers or scabs come out, and ironically cheer them.

The other day one of Hoskins' sons marched up and down Roy-street in front of a scab, for about a quarter of an hour, and then he escorted him home. About 200 people followed them and there were eight or nine police skulking about.

The police stopped the public from crossing Esk Bank bridge when the procession of scabs was on. The public were told to cross at their peril.

There is one special capitalistic parasite here who makes himself very officious. He is a Liberal and is the constable to whom comrade Sullivan and myself went and told him to do his duty and arrest Mine-manager Spooner, when he was using obscene language at comrade Holland's meeting at the time of the blast furnace strike, but he refused to do so.

About a month or six weeks after he arrested comrade Sullivan for being drunk, in spite of comrade Sullivan bringing the public to give evidence to say he had only drunk ginger beer at his hotel.

Charlie Hoskins and Douglas, his manager of the ironworks, are building a hotel for scabs on the works. They are building it themselves, as no one else will touch it or help them build, not even the scabs.

Dixon, the secretary, was at the blast furnace last pay day to collect a levy for the strikers, and Henderson, the manager, ordered him off. He refused to go and the manager telephoned for two police to escort him off.

There is a meeting to be held in the park on Sunday afternoon of all unionists in Lithgow, to deal with the strike, and, I believe, to pass a resolution, asking the Federal Government to take the bonus off Hoskins' iron unless he concedes the demands of the men.

I was told that one of the mine manager's definition of a scab was "an honest hard-working man who paid his way."

After having declared that no Liberal would accept the Speakership, Mr. Wade and Mr. Cohen and others declared that Mr. Cohen was prevented by Mr. Holman's trick from nominating Mr. McCourt. The average Liberal's idea of what constitutes the truth seems to be a bit perverted.

During the labor troubles at Llanelly, Wales, a soldier of the Worcester Regiment (Harold Spiers) was ordered to shoot and kill one of the leaders. He refused, was placed under arrest, escaped, and walked a hundred miles before being recaptured. He has been charged with desertion, and the civil court has handed him over to the tender mercies of the military authorities—all of which should gladden the hearts of the military-bitten Labor Party of Australia.

Appropos of the foregoing, the time will come when it won't be safe to order working-class men to shoot other workers. They'll be likely to shoot the officer who gives the order.

Pass this paper on to your friends.

S.F.A. News & Notes.

Sydney Jottings.

The Secretary's report at last Party meeting showed an increased activity taking place, the increase of new members being very encouraging.

Our issue of conscript manifestos has put the fear of God into Federal Ministers hearts and they are hinting at instituting prosecutions against us. Another manifesto will shortly be issued this time to the parents of the conscript boys. We will stop the Labor Party's little organised murder game.

Comrade S. Munro of the Social-Democratic Party of Scotland is a visitor here.

The Domain meeting was a huge success. New members were made and a large amount of literature was sold.

Our night meetings were also successful.

Comrades Fulham, Ackling, Young, and Chambers made splendid speeches on Sunday night.

All comrades are asked to help to give the widest publicity to the anti-militarist number to be issued on Sept. 23rd. Bundles of 30 copies for 2s. 6d. Send in your orders and cash at once.

So the "settlement" of the British strike was only a surrender by "leaders" and politicians. Even the *Labor Leader* censures the joint committee for "calling the abortive termination of the strike" a victory. "It is a victory which fills Labor's stalwarts with chagrin and dismay."

Reminds one that Mr. Holman called the ending of the Sydney tram strike a victory.

Party Premises Fund.

Previously acknowledged £ s d

All communications to be addressed to J. R. Wilson, 274 Pitt-street, Sydney.

The Press Fund.

Amounts donated to this fund are devoted solely to liquidating the debt on the Printing Plant used to produce THE INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST.

Already acknowledged £ s d
Collected at Club social - 0 12 10
Total - 106 4 8
Advanced as loan -
Already acknowledged - 5 0 0
Balance - 111 4 8

All communications to be addressed to O. W. Jorgensen, secretary, Press Fund Committee 274 Pitt-street, Sydney.

Meeting.

A special meeting of the Party will be held at the rooms, 274 Pitt-street, Sydney, on Sept. 12th, to debate the questions of palliatives, monopolies and nationalisation.

An interesting discussion is expected and members are invited to attend.

J. BLUMENTHAL,
Secretary.

Maintenance Fund.

For "The International Socialist."

Coonamble Friends 7s. Moneriff 1s.
J. H. Corbett 1s. A. Larsen 1s. Kettney 2s.
Mrs. Burns 1s. Buchanan 1s. Dunmer 2s.
J. H. 1s. O.W.J. 1s. J. Wilson 1s.
Mrs. H. E. Holland 1s. Carew 2s. Binkins 2s.
Clifford 1s. Columbar 1s. Slade 1s.
Ackling 1s. Chambers 1s. Miss Kerr 2s.
Blumenthal 1s. Rubman 2s. J. Kerr 1s.
C. Smith 2s. E. J. Lewis 3s.
Total for week, £1 18s.

Propaganda Fixtures.

Newtown, Sept. 2.—Chambers, Ackling, Blumenthal, Walsh.
Balmain, 2nd.—Slade, Wilson, Grant, Riley.
Domain, 3rd.—Grant (chair), Riley, Rutherford, Johnson.
Bathurst-street.—Wilson, Young, Slade, Ackling.
Market-street.—Grant, Fulham, Riley, Denford.
Goulburn-street.—Fulham, Johnson, Chambers, Riley.
Druitt-street, 6th.—Grant, Fulham, Riley, Denford.
Newtown, 9th.—Blumenthal, Slade, Walsh, Ackling.
Balmain, 9th.—Grant, Wilson, Riley.
Balmain, 10th.—Johnson (chair), Blumenthal, Walsh, Riley.
Bathurst-street.—Fulham, Blumenthal, Riley, Chambers.
Market-street.—Rutherford, Slade, Grant.
Goulburn-street.—Young, Wilson, Johnson, Ackling.
Druitt-street.—Johnson, Lewis, Riley, Denford.

Compulsory Training.

(The following letter was forwarded to the Editor of the "Barrier Miner," but was refused publication.)

SIR.—In Friday's *Miner*, amid a plethora of cheap satire, you publish the news that boys (Socialists and Christians) are being jailed because, forsooth, they and their parents harbor conscientious scruples against a wholesale preparation for licensed murder.

Your general production is brilliant in its satire, every reader must admit, but satire is not argument, and when it comes down to an appeal to reason and bedrock argument, it's colloqually speaking, "up the pole."

You fairly shine with spleeney sneers, sir, every time you allude to "these Socialists." Of course you take it for granted, or pretend to take it for granted, that revolutionary Socialists are so many nincompoops whose souls are sorely scared and whose brains have run amok. You admit that men of the calibre of Alfred Russell Wallace, Thomas Edison, Anatole France, Lombroso, Wagner, Joseph McCabe, Grant, Ferri, and a galaxy of literati and savants may be well ballasted in most spheres, but in the domain of sociology—ah, well, their monstrous revolutionary proclivities lead them astray. So, sir, a tear for their pseudo-greatness.

But to their principles. Like other adversaries you meet the case for Socialism with vague generalisations. For instance, you speak of "a prospective common enemy of their country." Now, sir, I know that when I state that the worker has no country that you will be convulsed with side-splitting mirth. But, toe the line, Mr. Editor, and just enumerate what a proletarian has to defend. He doesn't own a shovelful of Australia, a landlord owns his old hut and a gang of plutocrats own his job. And now, with this new military law, he does not own his sons. The plutocrats own Australia and they want the workers to defend their privileges per medium of Dreadnoughts and maxim guns. They call upon the toiling millions in the sacred name of patriotism to drill and train to shoot that some day they may make targets of militant unionists in the event of an industrial upheaval.

Now, however, the intelligently organised unionists of New Zealand are gleaming these facts from a jumble of press flapdoodle with the consequence, their sons are being jailed because they will not do the behests of a set of cocked officers.

And, at long last a Christian has dared to follow in his Exemplar's steps.

One Christian man in Australasia is telling his fellow Christians that no son of his shall leave home with a gun in his hand and apparelled in a uniform which casts the charitable mantle of license and national heroism over the bloodiest deeds that have damned the past. One Christian stands for Christ's glorious gospel of Love. One Christian stands against the bulwarks of man's dismal science of Greed. One Christian is prepared to sacrifice himself and his son for his Christian principles.

Where are the rest of Christ's votaries? Have they forgotten His social teachings or have they thrown them to the winds in the interests of conventionality and convenience?

What was His message on this particular problem? Epitomised, He came to abolish the old Mosaic law—and eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth—and to found the Kingdom of Love. He came to weld humanity into one great family breathing peace and goodwill all round.

And Christians—the contemporary disciples of this Jesus—prelates, bishops, priests, parsons and laity are all here—some dumb as the Sphinx, others actively aggressive against any manifestation of the spirit of anti-militarism, and one in protest.

Why has not the whole force of the churches of Christendom been arrayed against all forms of militarism in every Christian country?

Has the Church proved apostate to all that its Christ and its martyrs died for? Has it sold its integrity for the flesh—pots of Moloch? Has it wrecked its erstwhile rebel spirit on the rocks of bourgeois respectability?

If Christ came to Australia would He be a twentieth century Christian?

If Christ witnessed the black infamies condoned by the Church and actively buttressed by churchmen—war, want, unemployment, capitalism and the conventional cant and hypocrites of our civilisation—where would He stand?

There is a protest against Australasian militarism? There is evidence that the great crime of Calvary was not perpetrated in vain? It comes from the defamed International Socialists. These people are waging war on war.

Their call is to the working class to resist the encroachment of Greed. They understand that war is the mutual upshot of the world's financiers for the world's markets and they will have none of it. They call on the working class of every country to answer orders to mobilise by an industrial strike—no fuel for the fleet, no food for the fighters.

You, Mr. Editor, affect to jibe at these protests. Look out upon the world to-day as an unfolded panorama and witness the great armies of men being disciplined and drilled for human butchery. Hear the echoing of tramp, tramp of armed legions and you must realise that the man who knows this to be wrong and does not protest and break inhuman laws lest he be deemed a demagogue, would be at heart an arrant coward.

Look out upon that world-panorama, sir. See these millions of men become mere automata, moving hither at the behest of tinselled and tasselled popinjays called officers.

Read the press of every nation replete with jingoism and backed and corrupted by a dominant plutocracy whose God is Gold. Hear the stupid songs and the pious prayers, see the military plays, the battle pictures, the flag-flapping and the drum-walloping that are dedicated to the Murder God in the sacred name of patriotism.

Then picture the outcome of all this—a modern war. The roar and rattle and smoke of cannon, the shriek of shot and shell and shrapnel, the whine of needle guns, the crunch of a hundred thousand bayonets as they pierce a hundred thousand hearts—the general "glory" of war. Turn to the aftermath. A million men, the flower of the nations, some stark and stiff, the rest writhing and groaning in the throes of infinite agony.

Turn again from this ugly scene to the home of the fallen. A million women and more—mothers, wives, daughters, sisters, sweethearts—behold their grief and e'er their tears are dry realise that you and your ilk who buttress the mad system of Capitalism that drags War in its wake, are responsible for it all.

Realise the inanity, the childishness, the stupidity, the immorality, the hideous callousness that reeks from this damnable drama of your vaunted Capitalism.

War will never cease so long as all men prepare for war. War will cease when some men are prepared to sacrifice liberty and life to stop it. Christianity would never have progressed had not Christ gone to an ignominious death at Calvary. It was advanced by men and women giving their lives for its cause in the Coliseum. The blood of martyrs was the seed of the Church.

So, in the cause of Peace and Human Brotherhood martyrs will have to go down before the Juggernaut of War. Mothers who have given their sons in the cause of war; in the future will give their sons in the cause of Peace.

So long as men meekly march when they are told in the name of the king and flag, and shoot when they are told to shoot, and obey without thought or understanding, so long, sir, will battlefields and seas run red with the blood of earth's stupid legions.

Yours, etc.,
C. W. GREEN.

To Correspondents.

E. JENSEN, Auckland.—Sorry, but have not got any of mentioned poems in stock.

B. Scully, Lithgow.—Received; will appear next issue.

THE INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST issue of September 23rd is to be fighting anti-militarist issue and we invite comrade contributors to send at the earliest date M.S. on this all important subject of the day.

A correspondent from New Zealand writes:—Another union, the tramway workers have joined the Federation of Labor and the waterside workers are likely to come in, so Professor Mills will have to hustle or else there will not be any left for his unity scheme.

A correspondent writes: "Kindly forward to my address a copy of your splendid little paper. I get the loan of it now from a comrade, but have been suddenly struck with my own meanness in taking a loan of it when it is my strict duty to buy one for myself. My courteous comrade must also have been struck with my meanness, although he never said anything to me." Well done, comrades both, and may many more follow your examples.

Mr. MacDonald says that the Labor Party has been created to secure decent wages for every workman. It is some satisfaction to know that the Labor Party has a definite object, for there have been times of late when I have been curious to know what was the purpose of its being."—Philip Snowden.

"The Speakership."

The New Comic Opera.

BY W.R.W.

The management of His Majesty's Theatre in Macquarie-street gave the public a change of program on Wednesday, Aug. 23.

The previous Farce ran for some months, after which the company toured the Mudgee and Liverpool Plains districts, performing before delighted audiences in various centres.

On the above date, however, the management decided to stage a new comic opera, "The Speakership," which rumor asserted would eclipse the old farce and prove funny enough to make Souter's famous cat laugh.

On Wednesday, Aug. 23, when the curtain rose, the Dress Circle and Galleries were filled by an eager and expectant audience, who had fortunately booked their "early door" seats to avoid the crush which resulted in hundreds being turned away.

Those who managed to get seats were indeed fortunate, for never before has there been staged a piece so full of fun, wit, repartee, and brilliant dialogue, and the welkin shook with the laughter of the immense audience.

"The Speakership" proved to be a curious blend of farce and musical comedy, and the various comedians found unlimited scope for their individual powers. Messrs. Wade, Wood, and Holman being especially brilliant. There was practically no plot in the piece though most of the fun proceeded from the supposition that Mr. Willis, as Malevolent, was supposed to have plotted with the enemies of virtue to have himself installed in "The Speakership."

As the villain of the piece, Mr. Willis was inimitable, for, as Malevolent, he quietly takes all the fiery abuse which the indignant paragons of virtue hurl at him. He is never off the stage, and though he never speaks, his appearance has the peculiar effect of rendering the Kembla Hero and the Randwick Rager red-eyed and purple-faced with rage.

Like Milton's fallen Angel, Satan, Malevolent gathers around him the sons of Belial, and wars against the powers of Heaven, who, unlike the warriors of "Paradise Lost," war with their mouths and hurl mighty chunks of abuse about as the gods did mountains in the old celestial drama.

The piece opens by one of the fiends of darkness rising to move that Malevolent be elected speaker, when the Heavenly Powers, led by the Kembla Hero, kick up "hell's delight."

Pandemoniac noises, and the cries of every animal from Noah's Ark, drown every word the speaker says, and after waving his arms for awhile he subsides, and gives way to his second, who fares no better than he did. For awhile he saws the air with his arms, but his opponents are determined that virtue only shall triumph, and they fight vigorously with their mouths which are of various kinds—india-rubber, leather, and even the tough jaw bones of the Ass.

After the mover and seconder subside, the Kembla Hero rises, and like a vision of Righteousness, he wears a halo of glory and an air of virtuous indignation.

Slowly and deliberately he proceeds to frame his indictment of Malevolent and the sons of Sheol.

He shows that Malevolent was once one of the shining band which he led, that he was pledged to follow and aid him to oust the fiends opposite from the heavenly treasury benches, and to cast them into outer darkness and the cold shades of opposition, where he himself was at present condemned to shiver.

Sadly, but forcefully, he pictured the awful fall of Malevolent, just at the critical moment when the promised land was in sight, when they might have been in the proud position of seeing him drawing the salary and enjoying the emoluments of the office now enjoyed by the unspeakable and disgusting shape opposite.

Only for Malevolent, the Blue Motor Car, the Wine and Cigars, the Vice-Regal Parties, nay everything that makes life enjoyable, would now be theirs, whose right it was to enjoy it. Why should such brutes, he exclaimed, be where they are? Why should they usurp the positions which are ours by divine right? Let them go and chew dogs' biscuits and corn-beef where they come from, and let him, the mighty Augustus, reign instead. He knew how to enjoy the sweets of office in a proper manner, and the whole universe, headed by the angels of the daily press, were clamoring to see him reinstated in the Garden, where the nuts and apples, the wine and cigars, whisky and soda, and tarts, grow like weeds in a market gardener's cabbage patch.

He showed, in what the daily press described as a dignified way, that Malevolent was a skunk, a traitor, a robber, a ravisher of lone women, a ravager of poor men's homes, one who waylaid children who went messages and stole the beer money from them, a man who was too mean to buy a

strop, but stropped his razor on the bald heads of his friends, a man who stole chickens from other men's roosts, a man who made secret compacts with highway-men, labor leaguers, trades hall councillors, and the horny-handed ruffians who sought to rob the poor landlord out of the rents of his slums, the capitalist out of the profits it took him sleepless nights to wring out of the sweat of other men's brows, and the widows and orphans who were left a paltry million or so, by a kindly parent, who had died in the odor of sanctity, after a life of hard toil in numerous schemes which turned water from other men's mills into his own.

After the Kembla Hero set the pace, the Chorus—composed of landlords, swashbucklers, financiers, conspirators, and last, but not least, the single taxers—took up the refrain for a few hours and made blue ruin of the reputation of Malevolent.

Then the Usurper rose with all the suavity of the True Reformer, and to hear his mellifluous tones one could hardly realise that he was the dark corruptor of even Malevolent himself.

He addressed himself to the task of rehabilitating the fallen Malevolent and furnishing him with a halo of glory. He showed him to be an angel of light, who with the fiery sword of the Cherubim, was guarding the entrance to the beautiful Eden from which the Kembla Hero had once been cast. It was in vain for the Hero to try to get back, Malevolent barred the way. He was master of the situation, and had decreed that he, the True Reformer, must remain in possession, and that the Kembla Hero must weep and wail, gnash his teeth, and earn his bread by the sweat of his brow (or someone else's) while the sweets of office went to others. Everything must stand over for some months, for Malevolent had made a compact with him that he should remain in the Garden provided he and his friends did nothing. Everything in the Garden was lovely, and he intended to remain there as long as he could.

After the Usurper finished his address, the Chorus again sang the diabolical proclivities of Malevolent, but just when least expected, the climax was reached, and Malevolent took "The Speakership" amidst a burst of music from the basses, tenors, and rubber tongues of the heavenly host of the virtuous.

It is a fine piece of pure burlesque, and the various artists were highly successful in bringing out the full measure of its fun. Mr. Wade, as the Kembla Hero, was unapproachable. Wood, Onslow, Fitzpatrick, Lonsdale, and others, as pugs, swashbucklers, and single-taxers, were excellent; while Holman and Beely, as usual, were the personification of political reformers who cast off encumbering principles so that they can move with greater freedom in the tart shop and the parliamentary Eden.

Country cousins should come to town and see this piece as no description can do it justice. In it the peculiarities and the funniness of party government and reformism are exquisitely hit off. Labor Leaguers, craft unionists, single taxers, and in fact all kinds of political reformers are mimicked and burlesqued in a way that leaves nothing to be desired as an eye-opener for the ordinary political Tom Fool. Don't miss it.

Get subscribers for the INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST.

Joe Cook bemoaning the spirit of class-consciousness is like unto Judas Iscariot upbraiding the men who didn't hasten to betray the Carpenter.

Two sailors have been sent to jail at Newcastle for leaving a ship. Still "Britons never, never, never," etc., even when they are being taught that they are the property of the ship-owners.

Four young men were fined 10s each at Balmain Court for playing euchre in Birchgrove Park.

Serves 'em right. It will learn them that its safer to play bridge, or some other tory game in the Australian—or the Union Club—where the judges and other reputable citizens do their gambling.

Percy S. Smith, of St. Peters, smoked a cigarette while at drill, and for this unpardonable crime he was prosecuted by the Federal Labor Party, and fined (with the alternative of jail). The charge was "disobedience." Since Messrs. Fisher and Pearce returned from the Crawl their enthusiasm for Labor principles (of this sort) has been unbounded.

Tom Mann and Ben Tillett have been among the most prominent figures in the British strike.

Tom Mann considers that the characteristic of the strike was the solidarity of the men.

It is claimed by Ben Tillett that if a projected amalgamation of British trade-unions is effected, the scheme will start with a membership of 250,000.

Forty thousand corkcutters, dockers and lightermen have struck work at Badajoz, Spain.

SONG OF UNITY.

They have tied the world in a tether,
They have bought over God with a fee;
While three men hold together
Their kingdoms are less by three.

We have done with the kisses that stung,
The thief's mouth red from the feast,
The blood on the hands of the king,
And the lie on the lips of the priest.

Will the tie the winds in a tether?
Put a bit in the jaws of the sea?
While three men hold together
Their kingdoms are less by three.

While the shepherd lets wolves on his sheep,
And the emperor hatters his kine,
While Smaug is a watchman asleep,
And Faith is a keeper of swine.

Let the wind shake our flag like a feather,
Like the plumes of the foam of the sea,
But while three men hold together,
Their kingdoms are less by three.

—SWINBURNE.

Ferdinand Lassalle.

BY J. BLUMENTHAL.

On Saturday, September 2nd, a celebration will be held in the Rooms, 274 Pitt-street, in honor of the brilliant founder of German Social-Democracy.

Lassalle was born at Breslau in 1825. Like Karl Marx he was of Jewish extraction. His father was a prosperous merchant and intended his son to follow a business career, but soon after leaving college, he showed that contempt of conventionalities and brilliancy of mind and language, that soon placed him in the foremost ranks of his contemporaries in politics and literature.

Heine, the German poet, speaks of Lassalle, who was a young man at this time, as having the most remarkable endowments, and the veteran Humboldt who was fascinated by him, called him the "Wunderkind."

His pertinacity and determination were such that he took up the case of a Countess Hatzfeldt, who was disputing with her husband on questions of property, and after bringing her case before 36 tribunals, had his love of justice rewarded by securing most of the countess's claims.

In 1848 Lassalle became attached to men like Marx, Engels, Freiligrath, and others.

About the same period he was condemned to six months' imprisonment for resisting the authorities at Düsseldorf. On that occasion he delivered the first of his political speeches, which made a great impression on his listeners, and was the forerunner of those outbursts of fiery eloquence that for the first time in the history of the German workers compelled them to open their eyes to the subordinate economic position they then held.

In 1861 Lassalle published his "System of Acquired Rights," a book which professes in a great measure to be an application of the historical method to legal ideas and institutions.

He did not make the mistake, however, of earlier Socialistic writers in basing his Socialist agitation on this book; it simply remained a learned work.

But up to 1862 Lassalle had no clearly defined working-class views. He was a member of the Prussian Liberal party although, as might be expected, his unconventional opinions were disagreed with by his Liberal confederates and he was excluded from their deliberations.

It was about this time that he wrote a pamphlet called "Might and Right," in which he uttered the pregnant statement at the end, that the democracy alone is right, and it alone will be might.

His "Workingman's Program" was a masterpiece, lucid in style and scientific in treatment. For writing this book, he received the attentions of the Prussian police, and in spite of an able defence was sentenced to four months imprisonment. But on an appeal, he made such an impression on the judges that his sentence was commuted into a fine of £15.

The discontented spirit of the time found expression at Leipzig, where a body of workmen with no clear line of policy, had formed a Central Committee for the calling together of a Working Class Congress. They applied to Lassalle in 1863 asking him to suggest a definite line of action. Lassalle replied in an "Open Letter," which was fully satisfactory to the Committee.

This "Open Letter" has been called the Charter of German Socialism. Lassalle gave the guiding principles in a clear and decisive manner, and suggested the formation of an independent political party: the first instance of a definite working class party

and the forerunner of the German Social-Democracy of to-day.

After addressing various meetings of working-men, who, carried away by his logic and eloquence, gave him unqualified support, he founded on May 23rd, 1863, the Universal German Working Men's Association.

The popularity of Lassalle by this time was immense. On the first anniversary of the Universal Association held at Ronsdorf, the enthusiasm reached its climax. As he approached the town he passed under triumphal arches; deluges of flowers were thrown by girls, and old and young, men and women gave him a welcome that was indescribable.

The movement continued growing and Lassalle continued to be its idol until occurred that now historical and memorable event that cut him off from life in the flower of his manhood.

He became enamoured of a Fraulein von Donniges who, although reciprocating his passion, was compelled by her parents to marry a Count von Racowitza. Lassalle, mad with rage, sent a challenge to a duel to the father and husband, being accepted by the latter. At the Carouge, a suburb of Vienna, the meeting took place on the morning of August 28, 1864. Lassalle was mortally wounded and died on the 31st of the same month.

Ferdinand Lassalle was a man gifted with the most exceptional and paradoxical endowments. His dominating force of will, inspiring eloquence, boundless energy, philosophic knowledge and enthusiasm, made him one of the most dominating factors in German history.

Only a genius could combine such exceptional traits and Lombroso in the "Man of Genius" considers Lassalle, with Marx and others, to be an exotic growth psychologically.

We can only appreciate the power and influence of Lassalle when we see as a main result of his practical efforts, the organization of the German proletariat in the class-conscious revolutionary Social-Democratic party of that country. The German Socialists have done more than any other national Socialists to spread Socialist principles, a tribute to the founder of social-democracy. Lassalle's monument is the 4,000,000 class-conscious Socialists in Germany under Bebel who will attempt to carry out his humanitarian principle of exterminating the social and economic dog of war.

Get subscribers for THE INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST.

Another tit-bit from the story of the British strike for the Australian working class:

"Soldiers are acting as porters, signalmen, and shutters at some of the railway stations.

"A roll-call has been held of the Royal Engineers, with the view of selecting men capable of driving locomotives."

The soldier is not only a trained murderer ready to kill the workers on strike at the bidding of the robber class. He is also ready to act as a scab whenever the interests of the same robber class demand it.

A significant par. from the cables:

"The territorials from Salford, on the river Irwell, opposite Manchester, have been ordered to return their rifles."

Get subscribers for this paper.

Still more cable items to make the Australian Man with the Stone Head think, with regard to the Labor Party's beloved scheme:

Soldiers are guarding all the electric power-stations in London. The strike area commanders have now 58,000 troops at their disposal.

Bluejackets at Portsmouth have been ordered to hold themselves in readiness for garrison duties in the event of the troops being required for service in the strike areas.

Six hundred troops have reached Leicester to preserve order among the strikers.

The Lord must have laughed a treat when he heard the Archbishop of Canterbury (who draws £10,000 a year for helping to uphold the system of economic theft that drives men to strike) praying to him to use his influence to get the British strikers back to work.

Read Socialist literature.

How to do it. Get Subs. for
The International Socialist.

Labor Martyrs.

The striker without music to cheer his campaign or prayers to bless his progress, risking his existence to better his life, and incidentally to lift up his fellow worker, for a century past has struck at this social system—capitalism.

While the University has ignored social injustice and the preachers have exhorted souls in rage, the striker has seen and felt the outrageous brutality of the robber class.

He has felt the pain of "looped and windowed raggedness," the hopelessness of poverty, the despair born of want, the envy of a superior opportunity of which he has been deprived, and the tears and the sighs of breaking hearts and wrecked lives.

The striker lays down his tools, chances his existence—and that of his family to war upon the society which makes home a mere commodity to be bought and sold. He knows of the iron market, and the labor market—and he revolts at the classification which the social order has fixed for him.

He appeals to the only weapon he seems to know, and it helps some, and for the little it helps may he forever be victorious.

The striker is opposed by society, by his masters, by the law, by press and pulpit, the professor and politician. All are against him, and his greatest enemies are his placid spineless, spiritless, apologising, compromising friends.

Submission is lawful, poverty is blessed, wage-slavery is sanctified by capitalism and ever blessed by gamblers of trade and commerce.

The workers are on strike. They are hungry. Their masters are at the grand opera shedding their hypocritical tears over the forlorn Mimi in "La Bohème."

Tears for the unfortunate character of the play—and a wine supper afterwards.—Seymour Steadman.

See that your friends subscribe to this paper.

More encouraging news for the militarists of the Australian Labor Party:

"Troops fired several volleys at Llanelly. Wales, on Saturday, after the Riot Act was read. Two persons were shot dead.

The streets at Llanelly were cleared by the military at the point of the bayonet. A number of people were injured."

Pass this paper on to your friends.

"Gross acts of sabotage" were perpetrated during the British strike, shrieks the Australian daily papers. Well, in future in Australian strikes there'll be acts of sabotage, too.

Club Socials.

WILL be held at Club Rooms every Saturday night.

Friends must be introduced by Club member.

Dancing.

MEMBERS and friends of the Party are notified that a weekly Dance will be held at Leigh House (top floor) every Tuesday evening from September 5th.

Good Floor, Good Music, Efficient M.C., Funds in aid of the "Party Premises Fund."

International Socialist Club.

WILL all those having any Band Instruments in their possession, the property of the Club, return same without delay.

K. G. DRUMMEL, Secretary.

International Socialist Club.

A celebration in memory of Ferdinand Lassalle, the founder of the German working class movement, will be held at Club Rooms by Club and Party, on Saturday, Sept. 2nd, at 3 p.m.

Speeches, songs, recitations, Liederabend. All Socialists invited.

K. G. DRUMMEL, Sec.

Committee and General Meetings.

The following meetings will be held at 274 Pitt-street, Sydney, during the forthcoming week:—

Thursday, 7—S.F.A. Administrative Council.
Monday, 7.30 p.m.—Club Executive.
Monday, 8.30 p.m.—Joint Executives.
Monday, 9.15 p.m.—Party Executive.

International Socialist Club.

THE next monthly meeting of the above Club will be held on Thursday, Sept. 14, at 8 p.m.

Business important. Members are asked to make themselves financial.

K. G. DRUMMEL, Secretary.

How to do it. Get subs. for
The International Socialist

HOW TO GET

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Names of new subscribers, together with amounts collected, must be handed in weekly while receipt books must be returned at the end of each quarter for audit purposes.

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Canvassers entitled to Books are asked to make alternative selections when forwarding claims. It is always possible that some of the books in the list may be temporarily out of stock.

Claims will be dealt with at the Executive Meeting each Monday night, and Books will be delivered or posted the following Wednesday.

READ, not to contradict and confute, nor to believe and take for granted, nor to find talk and discourse, but to weigh and consider.—FRANCIS BACON.

Socialist Literature.

Class Unionism (Eugene Debs) 1d
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Industrial Union Methods (W. E. Trautmann) 1d
The Mission of the Working Class (C. Vail) 1d
The Man under the Machine (A. M. Simon) 1d
An Appeal to the Young (Peter Kropotkin) 1d
You and Your Job (C. andburg) 1d
Woman and Socialism (May Wadden) 1d
Why a Working Man should be a Socialist (Wiltshire) 1d

Prepare for Action (Tom Mann) 1d
What is a Scab (A. M. Simon) 1d
Economies of the Eight-hours Day 1d
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Socialism and the Survival of the Fittest (J. Connell) 2d
Some Objections to Socialism Answered ("Tatler") 2d
Sedition in N.S.W.—What is it? 2d
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Art and Socialism (Jaures) 2d
Churches & Social Progress (Joseph McCabe) 2d
Unionism, Old and New (Scott Bennett) 2d

Unionism and Socialism (Debs) 6d
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The Encyclopedia of Social Reform, by W. D. P. Bliss. Cloth binding 17s 6d, posted 19s 6d. Leather binding £1 2s 6d, pos ed £1 4s 6d. Original price, cloth £1 15s, leather £2 10s.
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The Socialist (Victoria), 4s per year 1d per copy
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Also procurable at 61 Goulburn-street.

See that your friends subscribe to THE INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST.

THE SORROWFUL ARMIES.

[FOR THE INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST.]

BY M.W.

Marching, marching, ever onward
The many armies of sorrow go.
But 'neath the burden of want and woe,
That grows heavier with each morrow,
Ever and ever on they go.
The wretched armies of sorrow
Starving they go in the summer's heat
Famishing in the winter's snow;
Nothing to cover the frozen feet.
No place on earth to call their own,
Never a corner to make a home,
Sorrowful, hungry, despairing, cold—
And this in a Christian land
In a Christian city where silver and gold
Are daily wasted on every hand
To build the temple with cross and steeple,
Whilst down in the city a hopeless people
Are asking for food that the gold would buy—
But our prayers in the temple drown their cry.

Open Letter Column.

EDITOR, THE INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST.—
Dear Comrade,—Mr. Maurice Blackburn in
his letter of the 10th instant takes exception
to the statement contained in my letter,
which appeared in your issue of the 5th in-
stant, that the Melbourne Socialists put him
forward as their champion of the Labor
Party. He says this statement contains
two incorrect implications. The first being
that the Socialist Party supports the Labor
Party. The second that the Socialist
Party put him forward to express its views.

He first denies positively that the Socialist
Party either supports or opposes the Labor
Party. He then qualifies his denial by say-
ing so far as he knows.

He then denies that he was put forward to
express the views of the Party.

What he says happened was that the
Executive asked him to speak on a subject
of interest to Socialists and was allowed to
choose his subject.

As the Melbourne Socialist Party adver-
tises the names of the lecturers who are to
speak at the Gaiety Theatre, and the sub-
jects of the lectures, it is a reasonable infer-
ence that it was satisfied with the subject
chosen by Mr. Blackburn, and was satisfied
that he would treat it in a manner con-
ducive to the success of the purpose they had
in view.

When the Party chooses one of its own
members to lecture on a political or econ-
omic subject, and selects a chairman to in-
troduce him to the audience, an unsophis-
ticated observer is justified, in the absence
of a disclaimer by the chairman, in assum-
ing that the Party accepts responsibility for
the views expressed by the lecturer, and that
it has put him forward to express those
views.

On the other hand when the Party invites
an outsider to lecture on physical science,
literature, theology, or any other subject not
within its sphere, everybody knows that
it accepts no responsibility for the views
expressed, as the members of its executive
are not supposed to be experts on those
subjects.

With regard to his denial that the Social-
ist Party opposes the Labor Party, all I have
to say is, that a Socialist Party which does
not oppose a party which stands for, inter
alia, compulsory military service, perpetua-
tion of race hatred, and perpetuation of the
capitalistic system of society, has no *raison
d'être*.

When Tom Mann was paid organiser of
the Victorian Labor Party seven years ago,
he did his best to make it a Socialist Party
and failed.

It is time for such Socialists as Mr. Black-
burn to realise the futility of endeavoring to
make the Labor Party a Socialist Party.
They are not likely to succeed where Tom
Mann failed.

I hope Mr. Blackburn will excuse my want
of actumen in not knowing that "now" was
a misprint for "non."

He does not improve his position by the
correction, for the Labor Party is just as
much a non-Socialist Party as the Liberal
Party, and it would be just as reasonable for
Socialists to think of running the latter as
the former.

Yours for the Revolution.

EDWARD BYRNE.

Sebastopol, Victoria,
21st Aug., 1911.

[As both sides have now been heard in
this controversy, the correspondence is now
closed.—Ed.]

Weeding Out.

THE EDITOR, INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST.—
Dear Comrade.—The B.H.P. management
are gradually weeding out the old hands at
smelters, many of whom have spent the
most useful period of their lives in the ser-
vice of the company; and they are flung out
like so much useless scrap iron.

When asked for reasons by the unfor-
tunate the reply is generally an evasive
one.

Probably the official desires to perform the
brutal act as softly as possible.

In England, which is supposed to be be-
hind this democratic country, danger from
lead poisoning is provided for under the
workmen compensation law but in this

workmen's paradise a wage slave is not ex-
ploited of the product of his brain and
brawn but in many instances slowly mur-
dered in the process.

Instances are of frequent occurrence
where men who have been employed in the
smelting industry for a few years become
pitiful physical wrecks at an
age which under healthy natural conditions
should be the prime of life. One would
think that in a so-called democratic com-
munity the least that could be done for these
victims of a merciless capitalist system
would be a measure of compensation for the
loss of health and the shortening of exis-
tence but beyond a few paltry improvements
in working conditions, practically forced by
the union's influence, nothing is done.

When an employee becomes a bit shaky
or frail he is called into the office and told
that his services are no longer re-
quired, for if they collapsed on the
works the company would probably be in-
volved in a claim for compensation. This
is only one phase of industrial slavery and
murder; and whilst any comrades are
done to death, politicians shriek in vain,
often in sham, for a mitigation of these in-
human conditions.

The remedy lies in real industrial unity.
We can best help ourselves by using the
power we workers possess industrially and
not be forced indefinitely with palliative
nostrums.

Yours for action,
INDUSTRIALIST.Port Pirie,
Aug. 17, 1911.

Socialist Fables.

BY W.R.W.

The Drifting Ship.

A large passenger steamer, on her way
from Europe to Australia, had her steering
gear disabled in a storm, and drifted help-
lessly for months until she was far out of
her course, and supplies of food were be-
coming exhausted.

Amongst the passengers were several
capitalists, a bishop, a lawyer, and a large
number of working men and women,
who had been compelled to leave Britain
by the hard conditions of life existing there.

The capitalists, the bishop, and the law-
yer travelled first-class, while the working
people, like the common sailors, travelled in
much humbler quarters.

The first-class passengers made light of
the vessel's mishap, and passed the time
with cards and various games, and though
supplies were getting short, they continued
to feast on the best food the ship contained,
quenching their thirst with the choicest
wines from European countries.

The working people and the seamen were
allowed only the coarsest food, and as the
vessel drifted week after week, even that was
gradually reduced in quantity, until they
were living on what barely kept them
alive.

Things promised to grow worse for the
working people, and starvation seemed in-
evitable for them, and as if to make their
suffering more acute, the first-class passen-
gers continued to enjoy themselves in a
right royal manner.

The starving emigrants commenced to
grumble at the unequal distribution of food,
and one of the bolder ones said that if all
were of his mind they would rush the stores,
and take what they wanted, instead of leav-
ing the food to be consumed by the people
in the saloon, who wouldn't even help to
rig a sail, clean the vessel, or do any work
at all.

The ship's officer's heard the people
grumbling and they got the bishop to speak
to them, and he advised them to be patient
and put their trust in Christ the Saviour,
who said "blessed are the meek" for they
should enter the kingdom of heaven, and
those who hungered and thirsted for
righteousness, for they should be filled.

The bishop was very eloquent and dra-
matic, and the people said that one who
spoke so earnestly must believe what he said
himself, and they resolved to be patient as
he advised.

But the plain-spoken man addressed the
people after the bishop had gone back to the
saloon. He contended that the meek were
not blessed, that they did not inherit the
earth, and that the poor did not enter the
kingdom of heaven. Only the people in the
saloon were blessed; and as for those who
hungered and thirsted for righteousness in
the distribution of food, were they filled?
Did they feel any fuller after a banquet on
the bishop's fine phrases? No, what they
wanted was bread, not stony words. If they
would go with him, he said, they would
soon have a fair share of the food they
needed.

Several were about to join the man, but
the lawyer came and warned them not to
transgress the law. He quoted many pre-
cedents, "wise saws," and "modern in-
stances," to show that what they wanted to
do was robbery, confiscation, and socialism.
The man, in fact, was a dangerous man, a
revolutionary socialist, and he advised
them strongly not to listen to him.

The man thus denounced replied to the
lawyer, and said that as the ship was drift-

ing helplessly, and the food supplies were
getting short, and the majority were starv-
ing, while a few were enjoying every luxury,
what were they to do? What were they go-
ing to do, he asked?

There were various remedies proposed,
some saying that, as the bishop, they
should be patient. Others were timid, and
said they should respect the law, while one
counselled temperance and the curtailment
of their appetites. He had been thrifty all
his life, he said, and now when he felt an
overweening desire for food, he simply
tightened his belt and conquered it.

The revolutionary rebutted all this, and
asked if the people in the saloon were pa-
tient, temperate and thrifty. Did they cur-
tail their appetites and tighten their belts,
he asked. No, they demand the best of
everything, and if the ship was not soon
saved, there would only be one of two
things to do, either they would have to lie
down and die, or demand a share of what
was going.

The officers, the bishop, the lawyer, and
some of the wealthy saloon passengers had
drawn near while this man was speaking,
and they saw that his words were having
an effect on a good many of the desperate
and hungry people aboard, so they raised a
great cry against him, denouncing him as a
firebrand and a demagogue who would de-
stroy all order and establish chaos and an-
archy on the ship.

Growing bolder, as they saw that the man
who was criticising them was supported by
a small minority, the capitalists demanded
that he should be put in a place where he
could do them no harm, and the captain and
several of his officers arrested the revolu-
tionary and shut him up in a strong
room.

What might have grown into a general
revolt was thus checked for a time, and the
ship, at last accounts, continued to drift.
Those in the saloon make merry, and laugh
at the sufferings of the steerage passengers
who continue to debate everything in general
and nothing in particular.

Capitalism's Trail of Blood.

For if blood be the price of all your wealth,
Good God! we have paid it in full!

John Drury, an employee of the City Coun-
cil, was killed by falling down a shaft at
Pymont.

Wm. Reeves, who was crushed by a dray
on Tuesday, died in the Dungog Hospi-
tal.

Duncan McDonald, a seaman on board
the Makura, was seriously injured through
falling down the hold.

Whilst working on a new building in
Surry Hills, Henry Martin sustained severe
injuries through falling 50 feet.

Henri Emil Buhl, cook on the German
steamer Fremantle, lying at Port Adelaide,
fell overboard and was drowned.

Thirty passengers were killed and sixty
injured in a railway smash at Lehigh Val-
ley, U.S.A.

General Meeting.

THE next General Meeting of the Party
will be held on Sept. 5th. Business impor-
tant.

A strong anti-militarist agitation to be
started. Members are requested to at-
tend.

J. BLUMENTHAL,

Secretary.

Literature Notices.

The following books on Militarism are sold
out, but orders will be booked for delivery
as follows:

"My Country Right or Wrong" (Gustave
Herve) 4s 6d, posted 5s. To arrive
about 25th October.

"The Moral Damage of War" (Walter
Walsh) 5s 6d, posted 6s. To arrive
about 22nd Oct.

Just arrived: "The Great Illusion" (An-
gels) 3s, posted 3s 6d. This book has in
a few months reached its 6th edition in
England.

The great demand for anti-militarist lit-
erature makes it necessary that all who
want early copies must book their orders
promptly.

Cash must accompany all orders.

To understand Socialism you should read

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Order books and Socialist papers

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Official Organ of Revolutionary Socialism in N.S.W.

Under the control of the Joint Executives.

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DORA B. MONTEFIORE, Acting-Editor.

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A. J. Ross, 100 Albert-street, Brisbane, Q.
The Socialist Party, Trades Hall, Perth, W.A.
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W. Munro, Ellen-street, Port Pirie, S.A.
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(Affiliated with the International Socialist Bureau,
Brussels.)

General Secretary: H. E. HOLLAND, 152

Socialist Federation of Australasia: Sydney Branch.

Headquarters: 274 Pitt-street, Sydney.
General meeting, every alternate Tuesday, 8 p.m.
Executive meeting, every Monday, 8 p.m.
Sunday Meetings—Domain, 3; Market-st., Bath-
urst-st., Goulburn-street, 7.30.
Subscription, 1s a month; married couples, 6d each.
Country residents desirous of becoming members
are invited to communicate with the Secretary.
Secretary: J. BLUMENTHAL.

New Zealand Socialist Party: Auckland Branch.

Headquarters: Federal Hall, Wellesley-street,
Auckland, N.Z. Open every evening till 10 P.M.
Secretary: M. J. SAVAGE.
Sunday Meetings—Queen's Wharf, 3 p.m.; corner
Wellesley and Queen-streets, 6.45 p.m.
LECTURES in Opera House every Sunday at 7.30.
Lecturer: H. SCOTT BENNETT.

S.F.A., Broken Hill Branch.

Headquarters: Krantz's Buildings, Sulphide-st.,
off Argyle-st. General meeting, Sunday, 10.30
a.m. Economic Class, Friday, 7.30 p.m. Lecture,
Sunday evening.
Secretary: E. V. COGAN.

S.F.A., South Australian Branch.

Headquarters: Wakefield-street, Adelaide.
LECTURES in Socialist Hall, Wakefield-street,
every Sunday evening.
MEETINGS in Botanic Park every Sunday at 4.
Secretary: J. BRYAN.

S.F.A., Lithgow Branch.

Chairman: B. SCULLY.
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